

fishing; we should find shelter in some cave. Why shouldn't we make of our island what the survivors of the *Landlord* made of New Switzer-land ? With strong arms, brains, and pluck——

" Very true," James Wolston answered, but the *Landlord* did not fail her passengers* They were able to save her cargo, while we shall never have anything from the *Flag's* cargo,⁵⁹

The conversation was interrupted. A voice that rang with pain was heard; " Drink! Give me something to drink ! "

" It's Captain Gould/' one of the passengers said- " He is eaten up with fever. Luckily there is plenty of water, and "

" That's my job/' said the boatswain. " Do one of you take the tiller, I know where the can is, and a few mouthfuls will give the captain ease*" And John Block left his seat aft and went forward into the bows of the boat*

The three other passengers remained in silence, awaiting his return. After being away for two or three minutes John Block came back to his post. " Well ? " someone enquired* " Someone got there before me," John Block answered. " One of our good angels was with the

patient already, pouring a little
fresh water
between his Eps, and bathing his
forehead that
" was wet with sweat, I don't
know whether